For emulation now, who shall be earnest,
Which touch vs all too neere if God preuent not
Oh full of danger is the Duke of *Glocester*,
And the Queenes kindred haughty and proud,
And were they to be rulde, and not rule,
This sickly Land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well,
3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the Sunne sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes makes them expect a dearth:
All men be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect,
1 Truely the soules of men are full of dread,
Yea cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauy and full of feare.
3 Before the time of change still it is so,
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boystrous storme,
But leaue it all to God: whether away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinals, Dutches of Yorke, Queene, young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at *Northampton*,
At *Stony-stratford* will they be to night,
To morrow or next day will they be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since I last saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of *Yorke*
Hath ouertane him in growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my young cousin, it is good to grow,
Yor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle *Riuers* talkt how I did grow
More then my brother, I quoth my Vncle *Glo.*
Small hearbes haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since my thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.63) Octavo